

THE LEGION OF

CHARLIES



50¢

U.C.W. of A.



BIG C



LT. KALI



TITS



GORE



Manson, 3 Women Get Death Penalty

Defendants
Threaten
Tate Jurors

A.P. U.P.

Los Angeles

A jury — ignoring defense pleas for a "gift of life" — decreed death in San Quentin Prison's gas chamber yesterday for Charles Manson and three women followers convicted of seven murders in the Sharon Tate case.

None of the defendants faced the jurors during the action. All were thrown out for shouting derogatory comments.

Sharon Tate was first out, before any verdicts were read. She muttered: "I don't see how you can get by with this. You don't have an authority over me. You're not nearly as good as me. This is not the people's courtroom."

The judge ordered him to be quiet, then ordered him out. The three women, their formerly long hair cropped close to their heads, sat silent until the first verdict of death was pronounced for Manson. Then Patricia Krenwinkel, 32, spoke to jurors: "You've all just judged yourselves."

GAME
Then Susan Atkins, 33, shouted angrily, "It's gonna come down hard. Lock your doors, protect your kids." When the judge ordered her out, she wrenched from a bailiff and shouted at the judge. "Remove yourself from the face of the earth. You're all fools."

She was led out, followed by Miss Krenwinkel, who muttered, "The whole system is a game." Last to go was Leda Van Houten, who also muttered: "You've all just judged yourselves."

The same seven men and five women who convicted the four of first-degree murder and conspiracy last January 25 chose the death penalty over the only alternative, life imprisonment with the possibility of parole.

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CHARLES MANSON BEFORE THE VERDICT
'This is not the people's courtroom'

Slain Girl Was A 'Love Captive'

Associated Press

Fort Benning, Ga.

An ex-GI testified yesterday that he watched Lieutenant William Calley Jr. conduct a methodical, point-blank mass execution of unresisting Vietnamese men, women and children at My Lai while they screamed for their lives.

Many of the unarmed victims were shot down one by one, said the witness, Dennis Cont, of Providence, R.I.

At one point in his testimony at Calley's court-martial, Cont said a handful of women and children made a dash for freedom while Calley exhorted enlisted men in his platoon to "get 'em, get 'em, kill 'em."

Cont, 21, a truck driver, also testified:

"I looked down and there I

woman lay to get up. I saw a
Lieutenant Calley fire and
shoot the woman in the head off."

Calley, 27, is on trial for his life, charged with the premeditated murder of 102 civilians March 16, 1968 while leading his infantry platoon on a search and destroy assault against My Lai.

Calley leaned forward with both elbows on the desk, and his neck appeared to redouble at times during the 25-minute recital by Cont, first of 21 court-martial witnesses to say he saw Calley kill anyone.

The government later placed in evidence an 8-by-10 inch color photograph of 36 bloody Vietnamese bodies lying along a trail beside the village.

Besides these 36 slayings, Calley also is accused of engineering at least 78 other executions in a drainage ditch to the east of My Lai.

Cont said he was forced to smoke marijuana, sniff cocaine and take a number of pills.

She told police she was walking up the trail, little bit. There I saw Lieutenant Calley and some other soldiers. As I came up, Lieutenant Calley told us to round up people.

Q. Can you describe these people?
A. Women and children, down to 3 or 4 years old. I brought them back to where the command post was on the trail.

Q. How many were there?
A. At the time, I guess 30 or 40 people all women and children. I remember one old man.

L.A. Times Narrative

Calley Sobs

RECORD THAT'S GOING
VERY BIG IN COUNTRY

WASHINGTON — (NNP) — The Nashville music company that produced "Harper Valley PTA" is in the running with another record its president believes will sell four million copies: "The Battle Hymn of Lt. Calley."

Set to the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," it is an unabashed condemnation of Calley's conviction and sentence to life imprisonment.

The ballad is in the mold of other country-and-western tunes that champion traditional values while criticizing the protests and changing social values of American youth.

Milton Gail

Shelby Singleton, president of Plantation Records, said he expected "The Battle Hymn" to sell a million copies by Wednesday, 12 days after its release, which was timed to coincide with the Calley court-martial verdict.

The lyrics were written by Julian Wilson and James Smith, both of Muscle Shoals, Ala., where the song was recorded last December by a pick-up group called C-Company, featuring Terry Nelson.

NNP Editors

Initial reaction to the record has been good, according to the hit charts. Singleton said he had orders for more than 900,000 copies by late yesterday and record stores would run through the week-end to meet the demand.

The Calley ballad begins by saying that "once upon a time" there was a little boy who wanted to grow up to be a soldier, to serve his country any way he could. The boy put a saucy on his head for a helmet and paraded about with a sword and flag.

1 in 3 Vets Tried Drugs

One-third of all the enlisted GIs returning from Vietnam between the ages of 18 and 28 have experimented with heroin or other "hard" drugs, preliminary findings in an Army survey disclosed yesterday.

More than half—59 percent—of Vietnam servicemen in this age group have used marijuana, the report shows.

The investigation, made by Major Eric Nelson, an Army psychiatrist stationed at Letterman General Hospital, was conducted last March and April surveying more than 1000 GIs returning from Vietnam to the Oakland Army Base.

Dr. Nelson is still analyzing the data and will use a computer to determine final results. He hand-analyzed the 1000 questionnaires for the preliminary report.

—Turn to Page 28, Col. 1

Calley Found Guilty Of My Lai Murders Nixon Orders Calley Freed

A.P. Times Service

Fort Benning, Ga.

First Lieutenant William L. Calley Jr. was found guilty yesterday of the premeditated murder of at least 22 South Vietnamese civilians during the massacre at My Lai three years ago.

He faces a mandatory sentence of death or life imprisonment.

Arguments will be heard today by the same jury of six officers, and the punishment probably will be announced this afternoon.

An appeal is automatic within the military court system and could consume months.

The verdict in this grisly and protracted war crimes trial, the longest in the history of military justice, was announced after 75 hours and 54 minutes of deliberation stretching over 13 days.

SILENCE

Calley, a stocky 27-year-old junior college dropout who led his platoon on a savage sweep through an undefended hamlet called My Lai 4 on March 16, 1968, was sequestered before the jury box in the small, harshly lit courtroom. Silence fell over the courtroom.

He stiffly saluted the president of the jury, Colonel Clifford H. Ford, a graying, 35-year-old veteran of World War II and Korea. Ford returned the salute and then, in a gentle voice, began reading the verdict.

The government had charged Calley with four specifications of premeditated murder of at least 102 men, women and children at My Lai. The first specification charged that Calley slaughtered at least 30 non-combatants along a trail at the south end of the village.

Ford read the jury's finding on that first specification: "Guilty."

But Ford then went on to

See Back Page

LIEUTENANT CALLEY (LEFT) AFTER HEARING THE VERDICT

VEITCH AND IRONS HOLD PRESS CONFERENCE

"LEGION OF CHARLIES" COMIC DEFENDED
IN THE FACE OF UNEXPECTED PUBLIC UPROAR OVER
THE SUBJECT MATTER OF THEIR LATEST UNDERGROUND
COMIC, TOM VEITCH AND GREG IRONS
HELD A PRESS CONFERENCE IN S.F.
TO DEFEND THEIR WORK.

"IT'S LIKE THIS," SAID TALL RED-HAIRED IRONS, ARTIST OF THE L.C.'S STRIP: "WE'RE PROTESTING A GOVERNMENT THAT DEHUMANIZES ITS CITIZENS AND MAKES ROBOT KILLERS OUT OF THEM."

250 LB. WRITER VEITCH AGREED. "WE'VE TAKEN THE LOGIC INHERENT IN TODAY'S NEWS AND CARRIED IT TO ABSURDITY. THE WHOLE THING IS A PICTURE OF WHAT'S ROTTEN IN THE AMERICAN PSYCHE. IT'S A NON-PARTISAN WORK OF IMAGINATION AIMED TOWARD A PUBLIC CATHARSIS."

EMINENT CRITIC H.E. SABBAN WAS ON HAND TO LEND SUPPORT. "DIS EES ALL GOOD FUN," HE SAID. "DIS BOOK GOT MANY YUK YUKS." —cont p.28

\$100,000 Fee for Calley Book

Washington

First Lieutenant William L. Calley is splitting \$100,000 with Eagle magazine's former Vietnam war correspondent and conspiracy theorist, John Sack, for publication of Calley's exclusive memoirs. It was learned yesterday.

Thomas H. Guenzburg, president of Viking Press Inc., said the book entitled "Lt. Calley: An American Tragedy" will be published

July 26. Work on the book is virtually complete, Guenzburg said, and is based on extensive interviews Sack had with Calley over a period of months. He said Sack has also interviewed Calley since his conviction.

He said Calley signed a contract with Viking last fall. It was approved by Colonel Reid Kennedy, the presiding judge at Calley's recent court-martial.

L.A. Times Narrative

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THIS COMIC IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE BRAVE VETERANS WHO TURNED IN THEIR MEDALS IN WASHINGTON D.C., MEMORIAL DAY, 1971

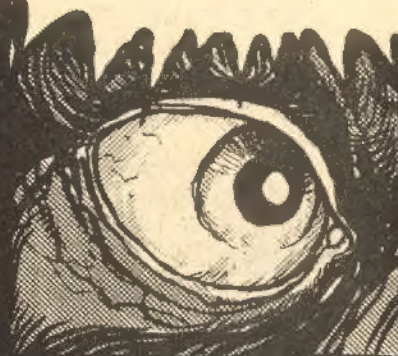
THE LEGION OF CHARLIES © 1971 BY VEITCH, IRONS, & SHERIDAN PUBLISHED BY LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES CO., P.O. BOX 212, BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA, 94704, RON TURNER MG. EDITOR THIS MAG IS FOR ADULTS ONLY EXCEPT FOR OBVIOUS SATIRIC EXCEPTIONS, ALL PERSONS PORTRAYED ARE FICTIONAL, AND ANY RESEMBLANCE TO ENTITIES LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL, SO DON'T BOTHER SUING!

PROLOGUE:

AWRITE YOU
COMBAT- HAPPY JOES—
THIS HERE VILLAGE IS A
CONG HIDEOUT ... WE'RE GONNA
HAFTA WIPE 'EM **ALL** OUT!



LET'S MOVE
IN!



PARANOIA IS **LOVE**!
IF YOU LOVE ME YOU WILL
DO AS I SAY, AND I SAY THAT
**PIGGIES MUST
DIE!**



LET'S GET
'EM!



WE GOT ORDERS FROM
UPSTAIRS TO KILL EVERY-
THING THAT **MOVES...**

EVEN WOMEN AND CHILD-
REN LIEUTENANT? EVEN
OLD GRANDFATHERS AND
GRANDMOTHERS?

YEA, WE'RE GONNA
KILL 'EM **ALL!** THE ONLY
GOOK YOU CAN TRUST IS A
DEAD GOOK! AIN'T YOU
LEARNED THAT BY NOW?

KRAK

GOD HAS ANNOINTED ME
HIS ANGEL OF **DEATH!**
FOLLOW ME, MY SISTERS!

WE'RE WITH YOU, CHARLIE..
YOU TAUGHT US HOW TO **LOVE**,
NOW TEACH US HOW TO **KILL!**

IT'S **EASY!**
AND WHEN THE ECSTASY
OF THE **KILL** IS OVER, YOU
WILL FEEL A **PEACE**
BEYOND UNDERSTANDING!

KRAK

**NO! PLEASE AMERICAN
SOLDIER! WE HAVE DONE
NOTHING! LEAVE US ALONE
TO TEND OUR CHILDREN
AND OUR CROPS!**

AIEE!



**YOU COMMIE GOOK CREEPS!
12 OF MY BUDDIES DIED IN
YOUR FILTHY TRAPS! YOUR
CHILDREN DON'T DESERVE
TO LIVE!**



**W-WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE!**



**RICH PIGGIES DON'T DE-
SERVE TO LIVE! CHARLIE IS
CHRIST! YOU ARE ALL GO-
ING TO DIE!**



KILL 'EM! GET 'EM!

LINE THE REST OF THE VILLAGE
UP BY THE RICE PADDY!

WE'LL FINISH THIS JOB REAL QUICK!

Y-YES SIR!

BLAM
KBLAM

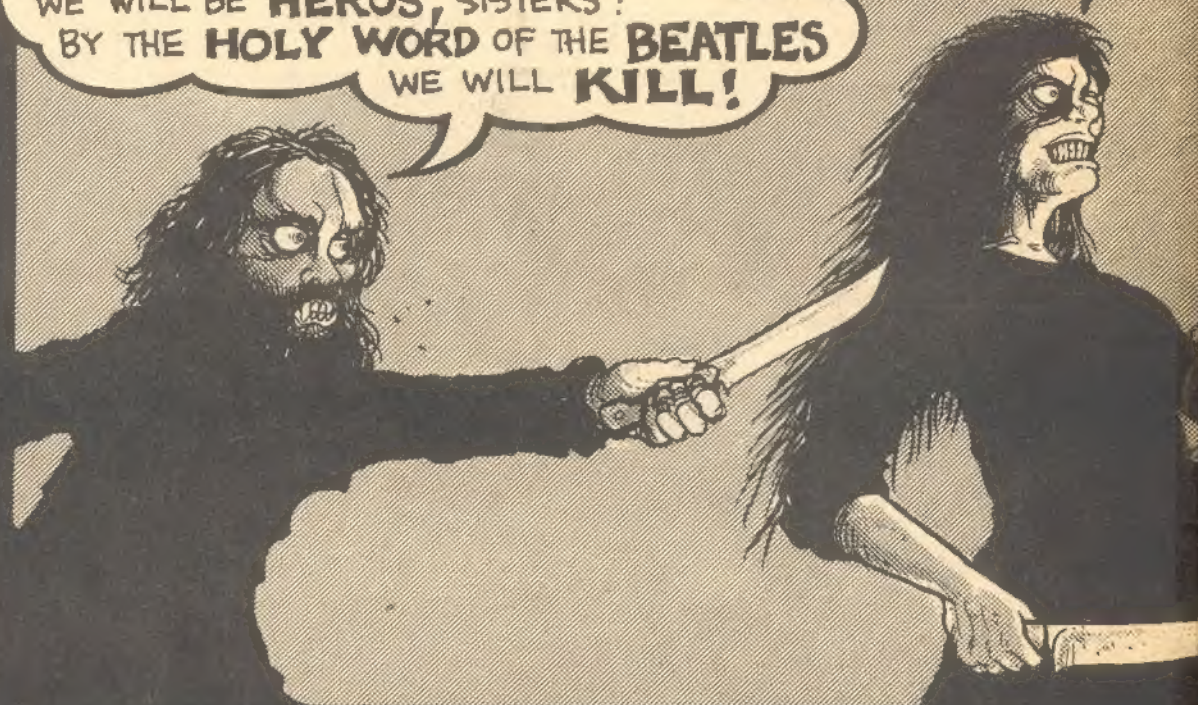
KPOW



WHEN THE BLACK REVOLUTION COMES
WE WILL BE **HEROS**, SISTERS!

BY THE **HOLY WORD OF THE BEATLES**
WE WILL **KILL!**

NNNGGG!



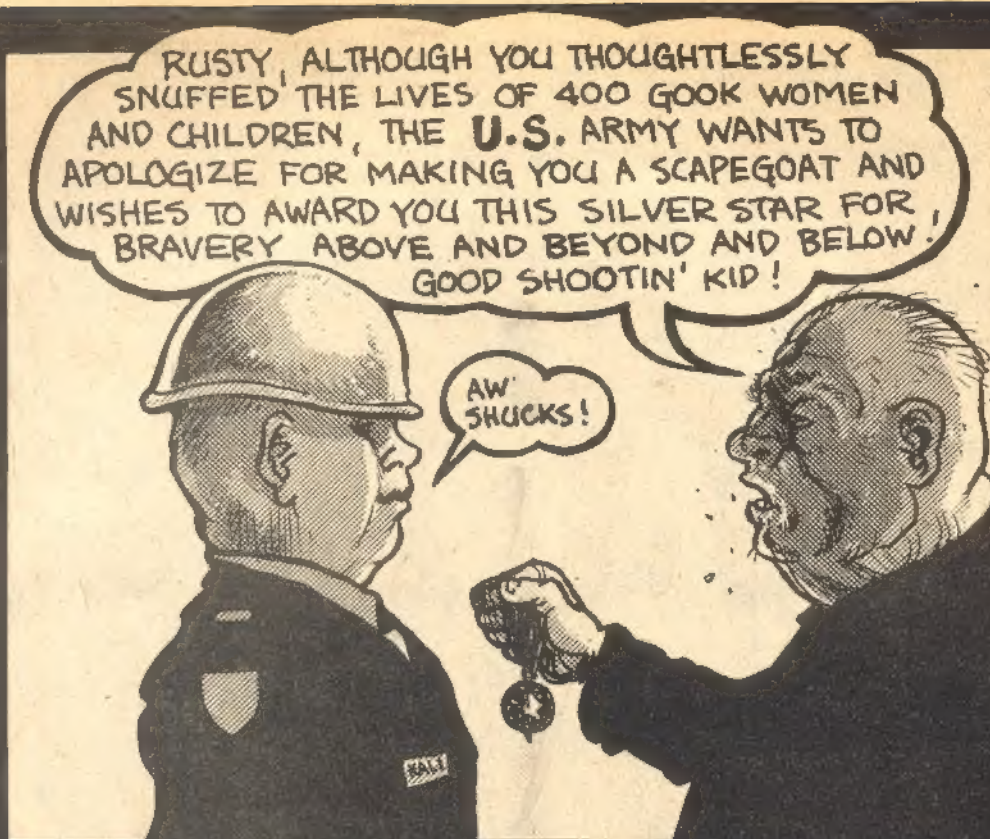
MY BABY! I'M GOING TO
HAVE A BABY!

SHUTUP, BITCH!

GOOD
GRIEF!

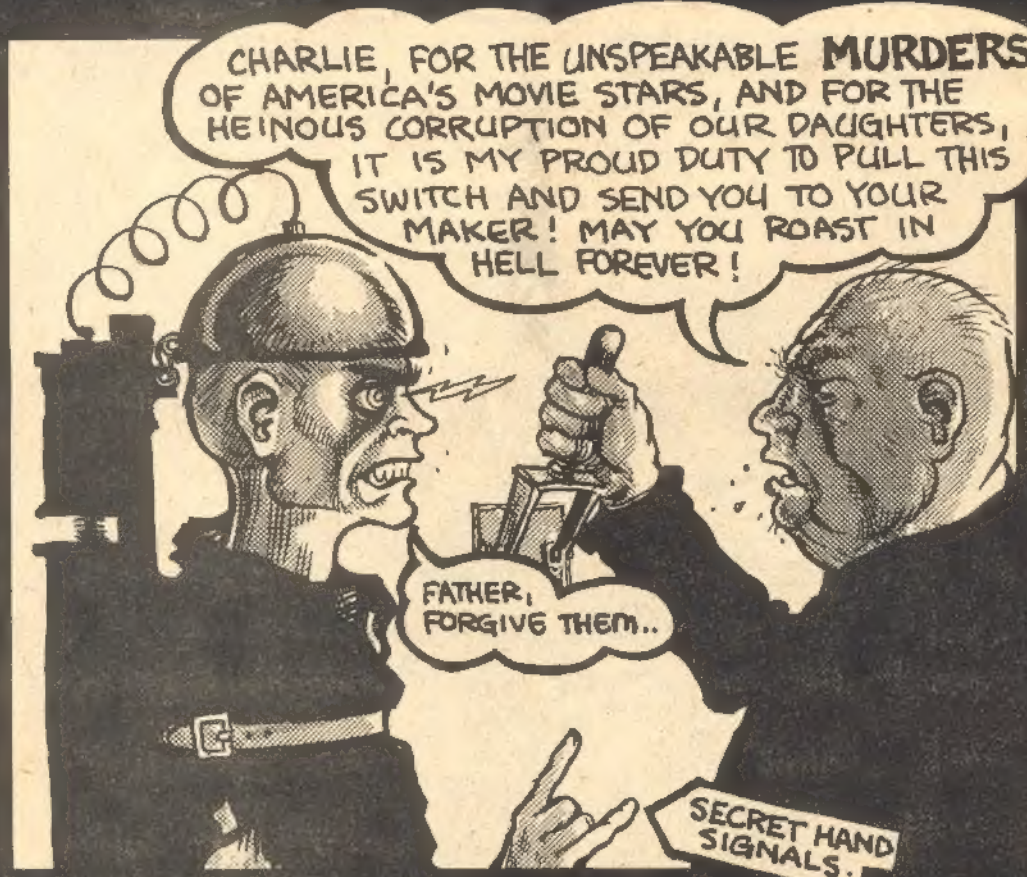
HEATER
SKELTER!





RUSTY, ALTHOUGH YOU THOUGHTLESSLY
SNUFFED THE LIVES OF 400 GOOK WOMEN
AND CHILDREN, THE **U.S. ARMY** WANTS TO
APOLOGIZE FOR MAKING YOU A SCAPEGOAT AND
WISHES TO AWARD YOU THIS SILVER STAR FOR
BRAVERY ABOVE AND BEYOND AND BELOW!
GOOD SHOOTIN' KID!

AW
SHUCKS!



CHARLIE, FOR THE UNSPEAKABLE **MURDERS**
OF AMERICA'S MOVIE STARS, AND FOR THE
HEINOUS CORRUPTION OF OUR DAUGHTERS,
IT IS MY PROUD DUTY TO PULL THIS
SWITCH AND SEND YOU TO YOUR
MAKER! MAY YOU ROAST IN
HELL FOREVER!

FATHER,
FORGIVE THEM..

SECRET HAND
SIGNALS.

THE
OF

LEGION HARBINGER



FREE AND ON THE STREET AGAIN,
'RUSTY' KALI MAKES IT TO SAN
FRANCISCO, HOME OF THE HAPPY
HIPPY...

I'M GONNA SCORE ME
SOME GOOD WEED AND FIND
ONE 'O THEM SWEET LITTLE
HIPPY CHICKS TO TAKE CARE
OF ME.. THEN I'M GONNA
LAY OUT AN' NOT DO **SHIT!**



ON BROADWAY, OL' RUSTY
IS IMPORTUNED BY ONE OF
S.F.'S FAMOUS PLASTIC TOP-
LESS CO-ED **HOOKEES!**

NOOKIE,
MISTER?




YOU LOOK PRETTY
GOOD TO THESE GOOK-
STAINED EYES, WOMAN!
ARE YOU A
HIPPY?



BET YOUR ASS, DADDY! COME
UP TO MY PLACE AND WE'LL
STRING SOME BEADS!

FAR
OUT!





I SHOULD'VE TOLD
YOU, RONETTE, I
HAD A DOSE OF
THE **BLACK**
JUNGLE CLAP
WHILE I WAS IN
TH' NAM!

THAT'S OK,
I GOT VEN-
USIAN CLIT
ROT MY-
SELF!

FUCK
SCENE

HEY!
EASE UP!
YOU'RE
HURTING
ME!

URG!
I CAN'T HELP IT, RONETTE!
EVERY TIME I FUCK I FIND
MYSELF BACK AT THAT
DITCH IN MY LAI, M-16
COCKED AND LOADED!

YEAH... JUST BLOW
THOSE FUCKERS AWAY!

JUST... JUST...

NNNNGGGH!

PUFF! PUFF!

JUST... NNNNG!

KILL 'EM!

KILL!

KILL!

HEY!
HEY! GET
OFF ME YOU FUCKIN'
WEIRDO! HEY!

KABLAM

GOOKS! FUCKIN' SLOPES! I'LL KILL EVERY ONE OF YA! I'LL ...

SMASH!
SLAM
SLAM
SLAM
SLAM

I'LL...
OOPS!

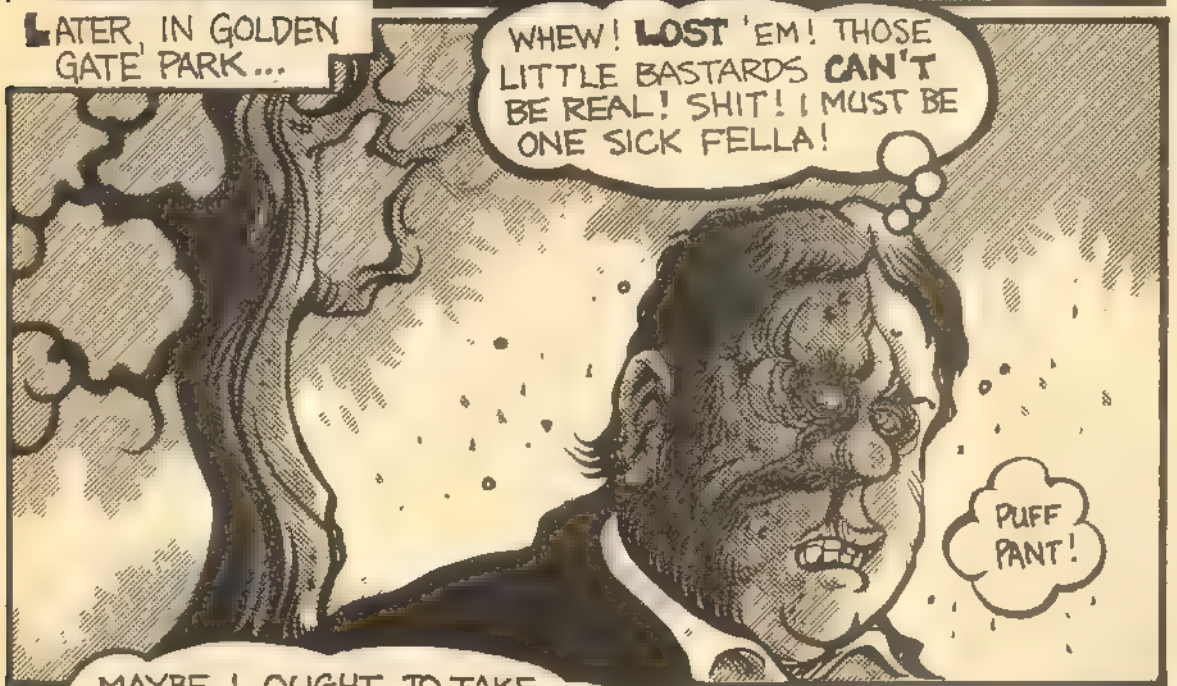
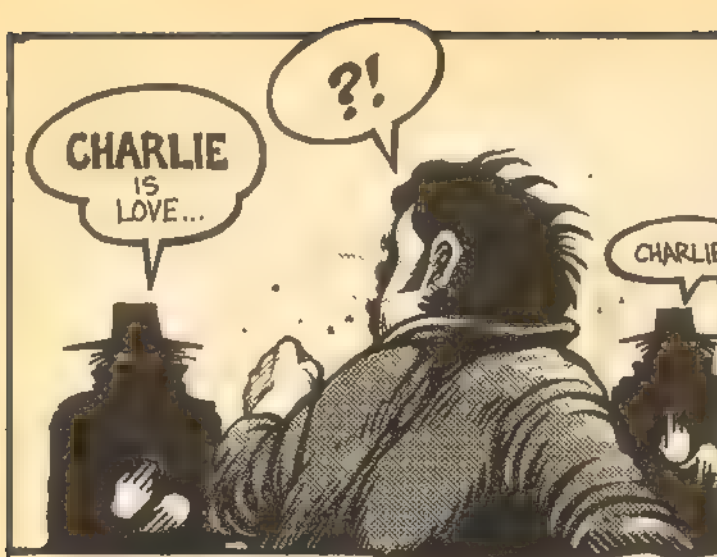
LT. KALI WASHES UP AND HITS THE STREETS AGAIN...

JESUS
I MUST HAVE A PSYCHO-
LOGICAL PROBLEM... MAY-
BE I BETTER SEE A
SHRINK!

PSST...!
CHARLIE!

FUCK! NOW I'M HAVIN'
HALLUCINATIONS!

PARANOIA IS LOVE...
MURDER IS LOVE...



RUSTY KALI ! I NEED YOU , RUSTY !!



OMIGOD!

YES!
OH YES!

IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, LT. KALI FOUND HIS TRUE SELF EMERGING, AS HE WAS TRANSFORMED FROM A SAD VIET VET TO A DEDICATED FOLLOWER OF THE WORD OF CHARLIE!

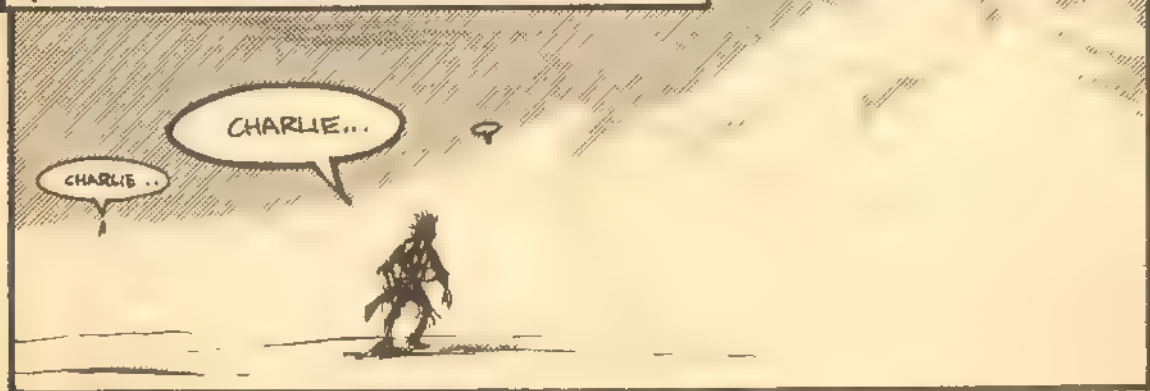


MEANWHILE, IN EVERY PART OF AMERICA, HUNDREDS OF OTHER VETS WERE UNDERGOING SIMILAR EXPERIENCES.

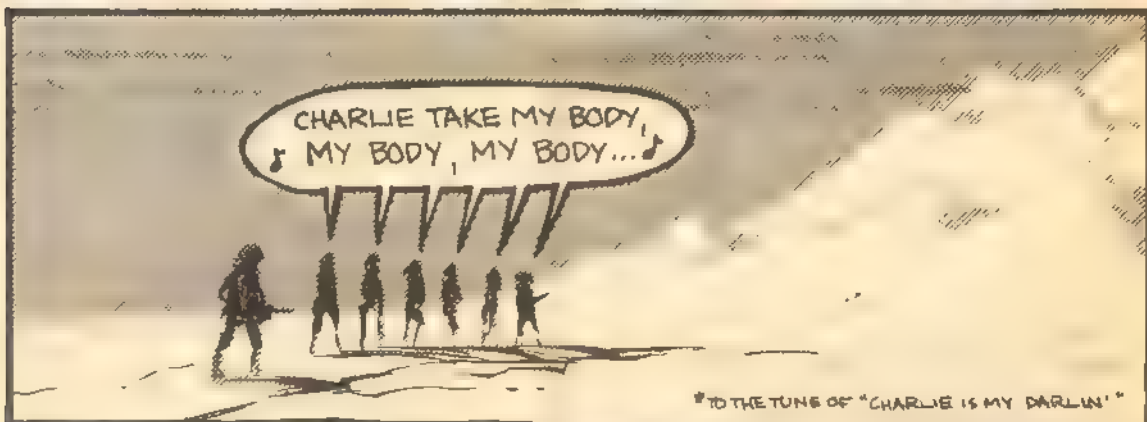
..SO I HAD MY WHOLE FIST UP THIS GOOK BABE'S TWAT..



AND AS DAYS PASSED, THEY WERE ALL DRAWN RELENTLESSLY TOWARD A SINGLE SPOT IN THE MOUNTAINS OF UTAH...



NOTHING WAS HEARD OF THESE BOYS FOR MANY MONTHS... THEN SUDDENLY A STRANGE SERIES OF DISAPPEARANCES BEGAN...



THAT NITE AROUND THE OLD CAMPFIRE...

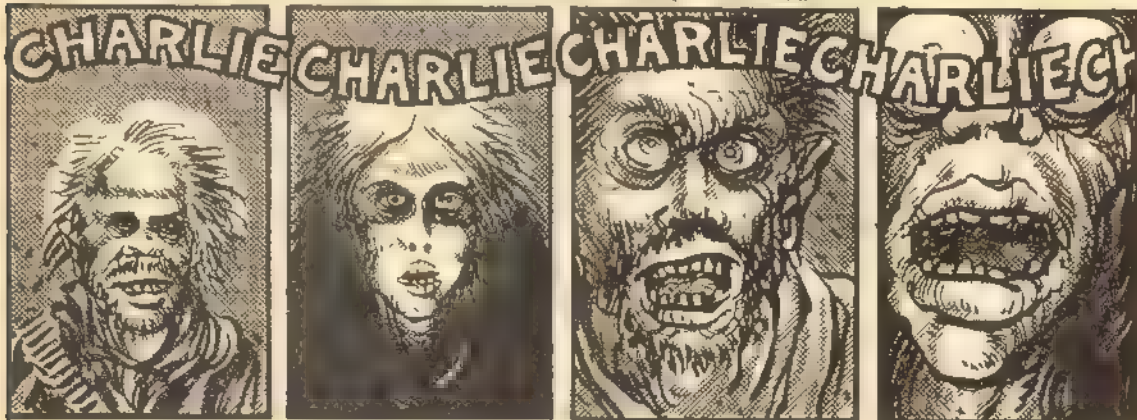
BROTHERS AND SISTERS! LET US PREY!
-- OH BOSS BUDDHA' CHARLIE, WHO LAID
DOWN YOUR MEAT TO SAVE US-- WIRE
US TO YOUR ELECTRICITY, FRAME US IN
YOUR GOLDEN GLOW, THAT WE MAY GROK
THE POWER OF YOUR EYEBALLS IN
OUR HEARTS!

RIGHT-FUCKIN-ON!

EAT CHARLIE!



THE CRAZED VETS AND THEIR CHICKS BEGIN TO CHANT --

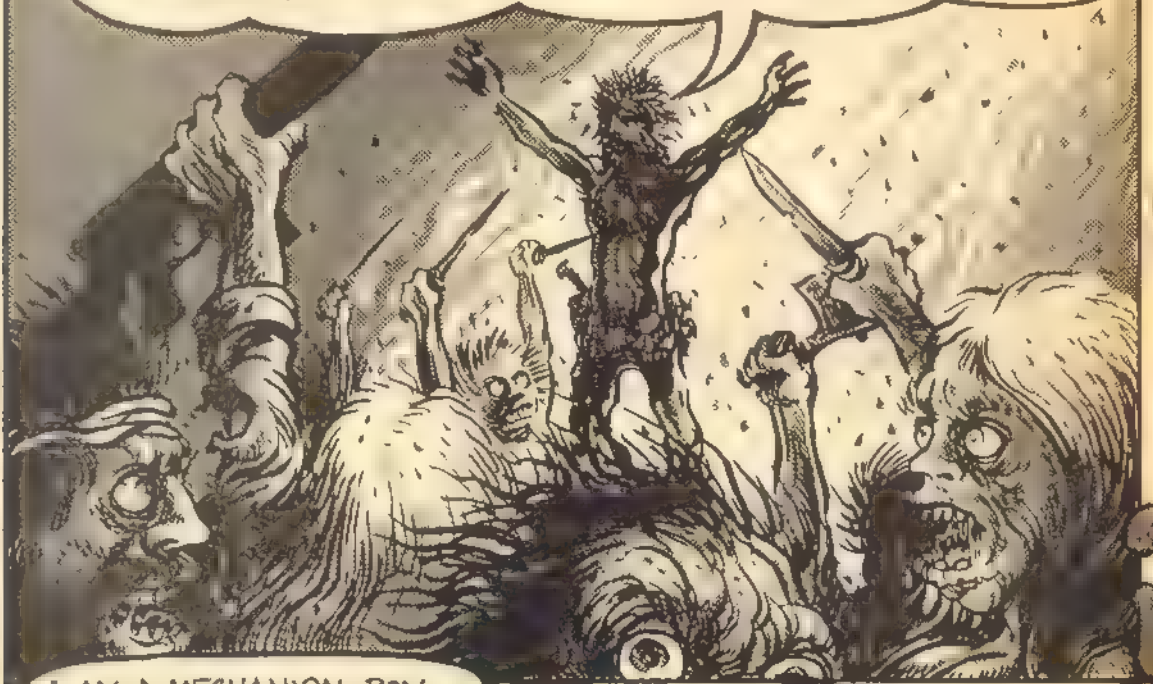


CHARLIE CHARLIE CH



SUDDENLY SARGENT
FREE

I AM CHARLIE! I AM THE CHRIST! BECOME PART OF
MY BODY! BECOME ONE! THERE IS ONLY ONE! I AM THE ONE!
ME FIRST! HE WHO EATS MY FLESH AND DRINKS MY BLOOD EATS
AND DRINKS **ETERNAL LIFE!** DEATH IS **PSYCOSOMATIC!**
DEATH IS **LIFE!** I AM YOU AND WHEN YOU ADMIT THAT YOU WILL
BE **FREE!** TOTAL PARANOIA IS TOTAL AWARENESS...



I AM A MECHANICAL BOY...
I AM MY MOTHER'S TOY...



WE EAT OUR BROTHER FRED, BECAUSE YOUR POWER IS IN HIM, O CHARLIE! BY EATING HIM WE EAT YOU, AND BY EATING YOU WE EAT THE FOOD OF LOVE AND ETERNAL LIFE!

BYE, FRED!

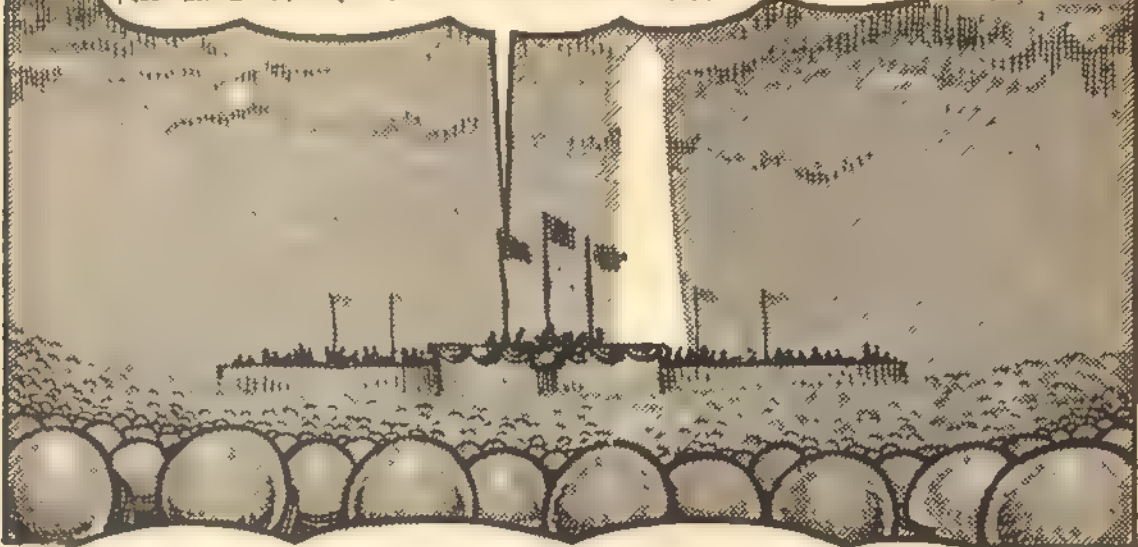
GOOD GROKIN'!
TOO BAD ROBT. HEINLEIN
AIN'T HERE TO DIG THIS!

HEY FELLAS!
PRESIDENT NIXON'S
INVITED ALL THE VETS
TO D.C. FOR SHAKES
'N' BURGERS!



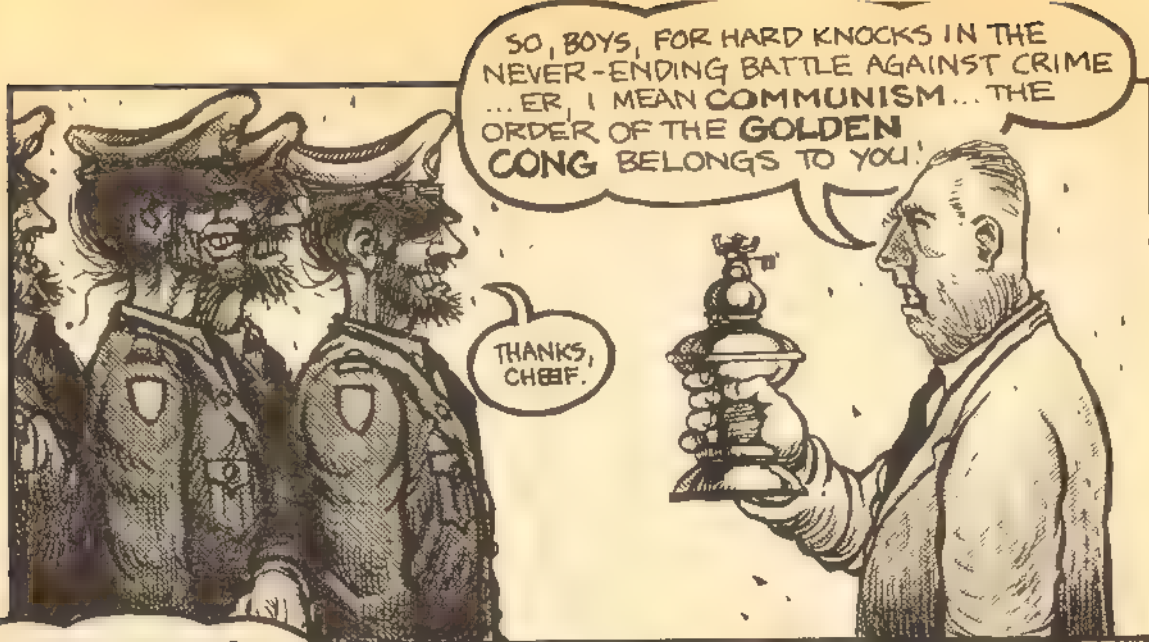
TWO WEEKS LATER IN WASHINGTON —

YOUNG MEN OF AMERICA! YOU HAVE SERVED YOUR COUNTRY WELL! PRESIDENT DICKIE AND MYSELF WELCOME YOU HOME FROM YOUR GREAT TASK OF PRESERVING YOUR NATION'S HONOR! AND WE KNOW YOU'LL THANK US BY RE-ELECTING US IN NOVEMBER!...



YOU HAVE FACED THE ENEMY AND HE HAS TASTED BITTER RICE (THANKS TO OUR DEFOLIANTS) NOW IF HE IS HUNGRY, LET HIM LICK HIS WOUNDS! AND IN THE YEARS OF PEACE AHEAD, AS OUR BOMBERS PATROL THE ASIAN SKYS, LET US REMEMBER THAT HE WAS A BRAVE ENEMY, WHO FOUGHT LONG AND HARD... BUT IN THE END, THE AMERICAN WAY WAS MORE THAN HE COULD STOMACH!





OK, EVERYBODY
FREEZE - THIS IS
A CHARLIE!



THE FIRST ONE OF YOU 20,000
MOTHERFUCKERS WHO MOVES CAN
KISS HIS ASS GOODBYE!





I'M HERE!

BLADAM!

POW!

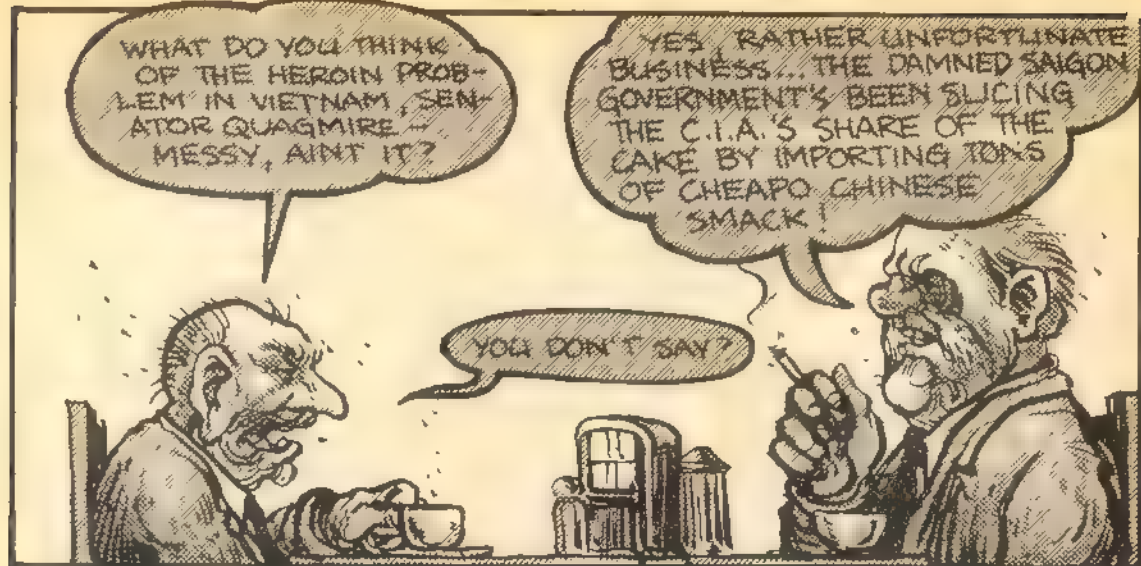
POW!


POW!

10!




AT THAT MOMENT AT A GEORGETOWN SIDEWALK CAFÉ ...





YA KNOW, I NEVER USED TO UNDERSTAND ALL THOSE BIG WORDS HE USED, BUT NOW IT'S LIKE I CAN SEE WITH HIS EYES...


TASTY TOO...



FELLAS, I THINK OLD CHARLIE HAS TURNED US ON TO THE BASIC MEANING OF LIFE... YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT!

IK


TASTY TOO...



IF WE COULD GROK THE WHOLE WORLD, THEN EVERYBODY REALLY WOULD BE ONE, AND EVERYBODY WOULD BE INSIDE CHARLIE'S LOVE!

YEAH, THAT'S GREAT, BUT YOU CAN'T EAT THE WHOLE WORLD!

SPIRO-BURGER ANYBODY?



NO, BUT WE CAN EAT THE MOST POWERFUL PEOPLE IN THE WORLD - THE PEOPLE THAT CONTROL EVERYBODY ELSE, YA DIG?

WOW! THEN WE'LL HAVE THEIR POWER AND CAN TURN EVERYBODY ON TO CHARLIE!

..AND SO, THE LEGION OF CHARLIES DID AS THEIR MASTER BADE
THIS GOD FORSAKEN PLANET!

THEM, AND CARRIED HIS HOLY GOSPEL TO EVERY PART OF



MAY THEIR
BLOOD FLOW IN OURS
THAT ALL MEN BECOME
ONE...
LOWER THE
LADDERS, BOYS!

MOSCOW



I BRING A
MESSAGE FROM
CHRIST, YOUR HOLINESS!
CHRIST
WHO?

ROME



THE BREATH
OF LOVE YOU BREATHE
IS ALL YOU NEED TO
BELIEVE!

CHARLIE

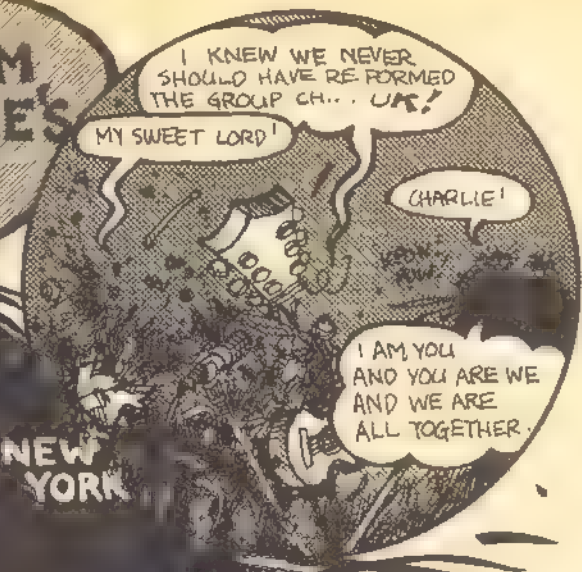
CHARLIE

LONDON



TASTE THE WARM
STEEL OF CHARLIE'S
LOVE!

NEW
YORK

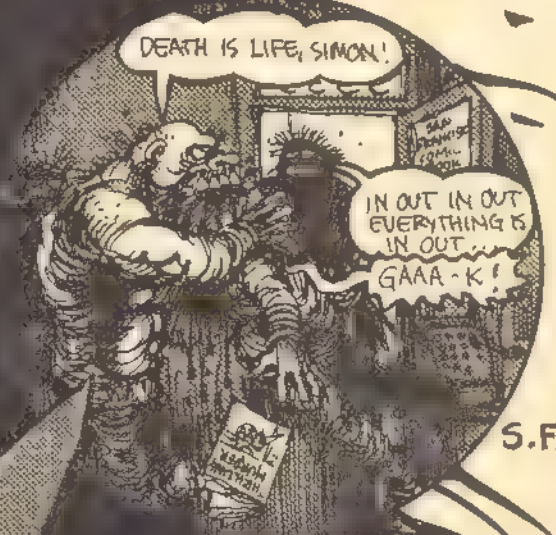


I KNEW WE NEVER
SHOULD HAVE REFORMED
THE GROUP CH... UK!

MY SWEET LORD!

CHARLIE!

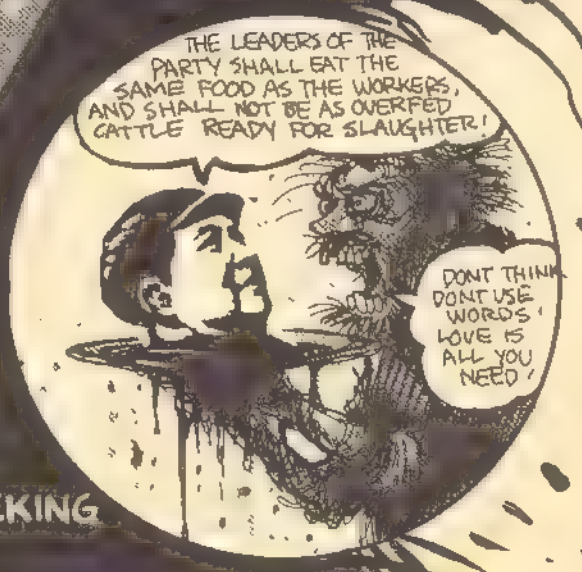
I AM YOU
AND YOU ARE WE
AND WE ARE
ALL TOGETHER.



DEATH IS LIFE, SIMON!

IN OUT IN OUT
EVERYTHING IS
IN OUT
GAAA-K!

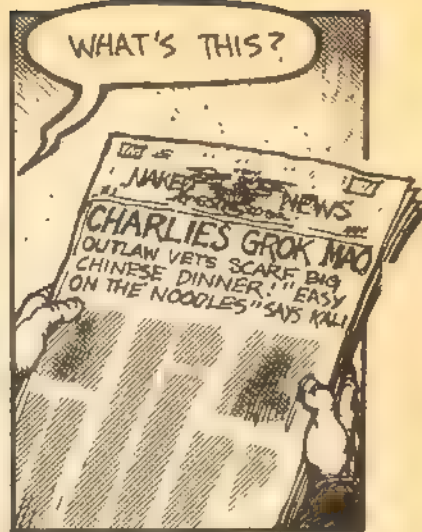
S.F.



THE LEADERS OF THE
PARTY SHALL EAT THE
SAME FOOD AS THE WORKERS,
AND SHALL NOT BE AS OVERFED
CATTLE READY FOR SLAUGHTER!

DONT THINK
DONT USE
WORDS!
LOVE IS
ALL YOU
NEED!

PEKING



SAY! THESE GUYS MUST BE O.K. — OF COURSE, IT'S NOT GOING TO HELP OUR NEW SOFTENING OF RELATIONS WITH CHINA, BUT STILL...



BEBE, GET ME JOHN MITCHELL ON THE PHONE — TELL HIM I WANT TO DROP ALL CHARGES AGAINST THE LEGION OF CHARLIES!

BUT SIR — DIDN'T THEY EAT THE VICE PRESIDENT?

YESSIR!

I KNOW... THAT WAS... UH, RATHER UNFORTUNATE, WASN'T IT... HEH HEH... OLD "BIG MOUTH WAS A GOOD MAN!"



SO, WORD IS SENT TO THE LEGION OF CHARLIES, AND THEY RETURN TO NEW YORK, NOT KNOWING QUITE WHAT TO EXPECT —

HOLY SHIT! LOOKIT THE CROWDS!

THEY MUST BE GONNA EAT US ALIVE!



THE CHARLIES LAND AND ARE GREETED BY PREZ NIX IN THE FLESH!

RUSTY, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU! ONCE AGAIN YOU'VE OUT-DONE YOURSELF AGAINST THE YELLOW PERIL!

SHIT! IT WEREN'T NOTHIN', DICK! ACTUALLY, WE WUZ THINKIN' OF EATIN' YOU NEXT!

OH YEAH? HEH HEH... WELL, I DON'T KNOW QUITE HOW TO SAY THIS, RUSTY, BUT UP AT THE WHITE HOUSE WE'VE BEEN THINKING A LOT ABOUT YOUR "LEGION OF CHARLIES" PHILOSOPHY, AND WE THINK YOU MAY BE ON TO SOMETHING...

GEE, THAT'S GREAT, SIR!

YEAH, WE FIGURE NOW THAT YOU'VE EATEN THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL MEN, YOU MUST BE FULL OF THEIR POWER...

THAT'S RIGHT, SIR!

READY MEN?

... AND WE WANT THAT POWER!

WHA...?

GAK!

SEIZE THEM!



LET MY PEOPLE GO!

CHARLIE!

OUR SAVIOUR!

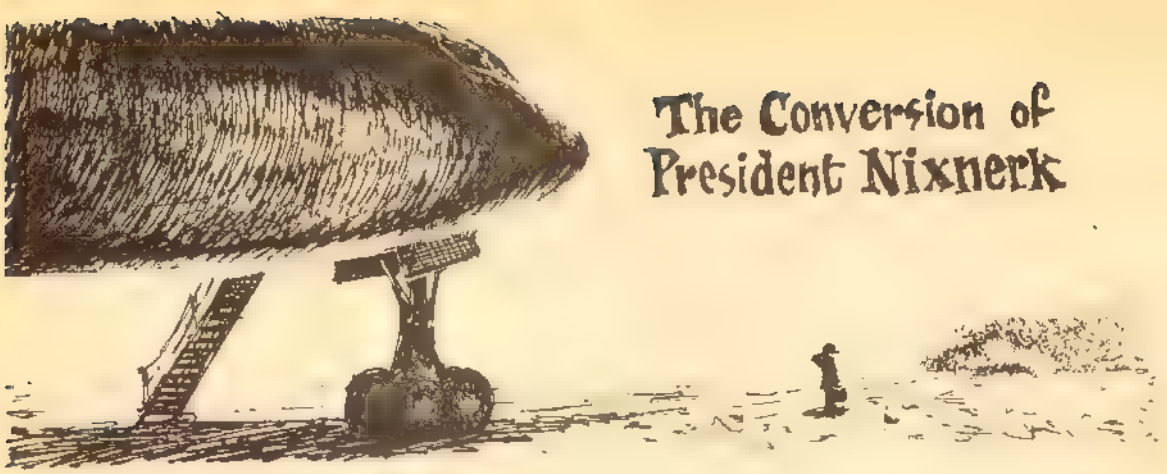
WALK FREE, RUSTY KALI. TAKE YOUR BROTHERS WITH YOU. THEY CANNOT HURT YOU. ... GO TO WIRA CITY!

BLESS CHARLIE!

AND SO THE LITTLE BAND OF HELICOPTERS
DISAPPEARS INTO THE NIGHT AND ANOTHER CHAP-
TER OF AMERICAN HISTORY SLAMS SHUT! BUT DO
NOT CRY — OUR BOYS WILL RETURN TO EAT AN-
OTHER PRESIDENT, ANOTHER HERO, ANOTHER
SAINT — FOR IN TRUTH, THEY ARE BUT AN AL-
LEGORY OF THE DEATH WHICH WILL EAT US ALL!

ENDSVILLE

The Conversion of President Nixnerk



PREZ NIXNERK CALLED TOGETHER ALL HIS ADVISERS AND ALL HIS GENERALS TO DISCUSS THE PROBLEM OF THE LEGION OF CHARLIES.

"WELL BLOYS," SAID THE INEBRIATED PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, "WHAT ARE WE-- HIC-- GOING TO DO NOW?! I'VE BEEN PUBLICLY EMBARRASSED ON NATIONAL T.V.!"

"EASY, MY BUDDY," SAID HIS CLOSEST FRIEND BEBE REPLOGGLE. "TAKE ANOTHER SIP OF THIS, IT'S GOOD FOR YOU"

THE PREZ WIPE THE TEARS AWAY FROM HIS EYES AND TOOK A BIG SWALLOW OF RED MOUNTAIN. THEN HE TIGHTENED HIS TIE SO HIS HEAD WOULN'T FALL OFF AND PUT ON HIS BEST GRIM SMILE. HE HUNCHED FORWARD WITH HIS ELBOWS ON THE BIG POLISHED OAK TABLE "L-L-LISTEN FELLOWS... YOU GOTTA HELP ME OUT.. THE ELECTION IS C-C-COMING AND MY IMAGE IS ALL F-F-F-FUCKED UP AGAIN!" HIS FACE FELL FORWARD INTO HIS HANDS AND HE BEGAN TO SOB VIOLENTLY.

A SKINNY WRAITH-LIKE SOLDIER GOT UP FROM HIS CHAIR AND PUT HIS ARMS AROUND PRESIDENT NIXNERK. IT WAS GENERAL BUCKEYE DEATHFACE DEVORE, THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. ACTUALLY THERE WAS SOME QUESTION AS TO WHETHER HE WAS A LEGITIMATE "SURVIVOR", SINCE THERE WAS SOME QUESTION AS TO WHETHER HE WAS LEGITIMATELY "ALIVE". SOME SAID HE WAS A ZOMBIE - A SOUL-LESS CORPSE THAT REFUSED TO DIE. OTHERS CLAIMED HE WAS AN ANDROID CONSTRUCTED BY THE SOUTH DURING THE LAST MONTHS OF THE WAR. MOST OF THE PEOPLE AT THE PENTAGON PRETENDED HE DIDN'T EXIST. AT CONFERENCES THERE WOULD ALWAYS BE ABOUT TEN EMPTY SEATS ON EITHER SIDE OF THE OLD WARRIOR...

WHEN OLD BUCKEYE SPOKE HIS VOICE WAS LIKE A DEATH RATTLE IN AN EMPTY TOMB: "MY PRESIDENT. ALLOW ME TO TELL YOU THE PLAN WHICH I HAVE CONCEIVED... THE PERFECT PLAN TO GET RID OF THE LEGION OF CHARLIES... WE WILL BRING BACK THE WAR DEAD FROM VIET NAM AND FEED THEM AS C-RATIONS TO OUR NATIONAL GUARD TROOPS. THEN OUR TROOPS WILL BE

AS POWERFUL AS THE L.C.'S!"

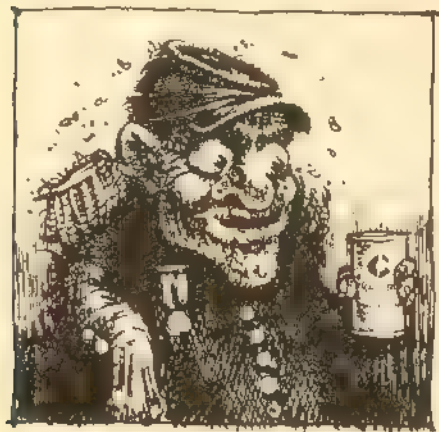
A SHUDDER RAN THROUGH THE ASSEMBLED COMPANY. THEY ALL LOOKED AT EACH OTHER. AFTER A FEW MINUTES THE GENERALS AND ADVISERS BEGAN TO NOD, THEIR LIPS TIGHT IN THE GRIM REALIZATION THAT THIS DECREPIT OLD SOLDIER SPOKE WORDS OF DEEPEST TRUTH.

PREZ NIX LEAPED TO HIS FEET, AS IF A SUDDEN BURDEN HAD BEEN LIFTED FROM HIS SHOULDERS. "O.K.!" HE SHOUTED, "THAT'S WHAT WE HAVE TO DO. BUT FIRST I WILL PERSONALLY PAY A VISIT TO LEGION OF CHARLIE'S HEADQUARTERS AND ATTEMPT TO EXACT SATISFACTION. IF WE CAN DO THIS WITHOUT SHEDDING AMERICAN BLOOD, TURNING BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER... THEN WE SHALL HAVE ACHIEVED A LASTING AND SIGNIFICANT APPROXIMATION OF THE BUBBLEBUBBLE WE WISH TO BEEBLEBUBBLE AT THE CORNERS TO THE UNIVERSE!"

EVERYBODY CLAPPED AND THE PRESIDENT FINISHED OFF THE JUG OF RED AND WIPED HIS MOUTH ON THE OLD GENERAL'S SLEEVE. A WHOLE CHUNK OF THE GENERAL'S ARM FELL AWAY IN DICK'S HANDS AND THE GENERAL BACKED AWAY LAUGHING AND SNORKING AND SPITTING YELLOW SCUM ON THE CARPETS...

* * *

MEANWHILE, ALL OVER AMERICA, THE CHARLIES WERE BECOMING NATIONAL HEROS. CANNIBALISM WAS THE NEW FAD OF THE SEVENTIES AND WOULD PROBABLY BE THE NEW RELIGION OF THE EIGHTIES AND NINTIES. BIG BUSINESS WAS HOPPING ON THE CHARLIE BANDWAGON, AND THE L.C.'S WERE RAKING IN ROYALTIES FROM ALL KINDS OF NEW INDUSTRIES: GENERAL MOTORS CHARLIE, STANDARD OIL CHARLIE, NATIONAL BROADCASTING CHARLIE, METRO-GOLDEN CHARLIE, CHARLIE MEAT INC., - INDUSTRIES THAT MARKETING ENORMOUSLY SUCCESSFUL PRODUCTS SUCH AS LEGION OF CHARLIE'S CEREALS, L.C. LAMPSHADES, L.C. CAKE MIXES, L.C. ROOTBEER, L.C. OFFICIAL MACHETES, AND (MOST INSIDIOUS OF ALL) LEGION OF CHARLIE'S COMIX!



THE CHARLIES WERE SITTING PRETTY IN THEIR NEW 40 STORY OFFICE BUILDING ON A LONELY PEAK IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, PROTECTED BY THOUSAND FOOT CLIFFS, BARBED WIRE, MACHINE GUN NESTS, AND HELICOPTER PATROLS. IN ADDITION THEY HAD ABOUT 20 PHANTOM JETS STASHED AT A SECRET AIRFIELD, AND A UNDERGROUND LABORATORY WAS WORKING DAY AND NIGHT TO COMPLETE CON-

STRUCTION OF THE CHARLIE'S OWN H-
BOMB...

NOT THAT THEY WOULD EVER USE IT.
THEY WERE PEACE LOVING SOULS. AND
WHEN PREZ NIX CAME TO VISIT THEM,
THEY GREETED HIM WITH OPEN MINDS
AND OPEN HEARTS...

* * *

AIR FORCE ONE STOOD SILENT AND
GLEAMING ON THE HOT DRY SANDS OF
NEVADA. A LONELY FIGURE CARRYING
A BRIEFCASE STOOD ABOUT TWENTY
YARDS FROM THE PLANE, HIS HAND SHADING HIS EYES AS HE PEERED INTO
THE WAVY DISTANCE. HE HAD BEEN STANDING THERE AN HOUR. HE WAS THE
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND HE WAS TIRED OF WAITING. AS HE
TURNED TO GO BACK TO THE PLANE HE HEARD THE DISTANT RUMBLE OF ENGINES...



SIX CHARLIES CAME ROARING ACROSS THE DESERT ON CHOPPED HARLEYS,
STONED ON BENNIES, AND SINGING "LEOPARD-SKIN PILLBOX HAT." "HI, NIXIE!"
THEY SHOUTED AS THEY THROTTLED DOWN AND SKIDDED UP BESIDE AIR FORCE
ONE, KICKING A POUND OF SAND IN THE PRESIDENT'S FACE. THEY PILED OFF
THEIR HOGS AND GAVE THE PREZ THE CHARLIE KISS, WHICH IS TO TAKE A
LITTLE BITE OUT OF YOUR LIP AND PLACE IT ON THE TONGUE OF YOUR FRIEND...
NIXON COUGHED AND SPIT OUT THE HAIRY LITTLE LUMPS WHILE THEY DUMP-
ED HIM INTO A SIDECAR AND RUMBLED OFF OVER THE DUNES TOWARD A
SECRET MOUNTAIN TRAIL...

"MY PRESIDENTE!" RUSTY KALI BOWED HUMBLY IN ORIENTAL ROBES AND
DOFFED HIS FIDEL CASTRO HAT AS THE L.C.'S USHERED THE NIX INTO HIS
PRESENCE.

NIXON'S EYES GREW LARGE AS HE SAW THE FORMER WAR HERO, WHO NOW
SEEMED TO STAND TWICE AS TALL AND TEN TIMES AS STRONG. THEN THE PREZ
TOOK IN THE SCENERY: PLUSH DRAPES, MARBLE PILLARS, STEAMING POOL
FULL OF BASKING NUBILE MAIDENS, STEAMING POOL FULL OF BASKING NUB-
ILE MAIDENS... NIXON'S EYES POPPED AND KALI CHUCKLED UNDER HIS BEARD.
"WE CALL IT HOME, MY PRESIDENTE. THE AMERICAN PEOPLE HAVE BEEN VERY KIND
TO US! WOULD THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES LIKE TO WASH UP
BEFORE ... UH ... DINNER?"

"UH... WHY YES, JUST TELL ME WHERE THE WASHROOM IS AND I'LL..." BEFORE HE COULD FINISH, THREE BRAWNY CHARLIES HAD SWEPT HIM OFF HIS FEET AND RIPPED HIS CLOTHES OFF. THEN THEY SET HIM ON A PEDISTAL SO EVERYONE COULD SEE, AS THE PROPHET SAYS, THAT "EVEN THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES MUST SOMETIME STAND NAKED..."

THE EYES OF ALL THE CHARLIES FASTENED ON THE NUDE NIX. A STARTLED "WOO!" ECHOED AGAINST THE VAULTED CEILING. FOUR CHICKS FAINTED AND FELL INTO THE POOL. "OH MAN, I NEVER KNEW— WHAT A BEAUTIFUL BODY HE HAS!" IT WAS TRUE. HIS SECRET HOBBY WAS BODY-BUILDING, AND OVER THE YEARS— EVER SINCE HE HAD SERVED AS VICE PRESIDENT UNDER EISENHOWER— HE HAD ACQUIRED ONE OF THE MOST LUSCIOUS HE-MAN BODIES IN AMERICA. UNFORTUNATELY, HIS 1/2-INCH JOINT TENDED TO MAKE THE WHOLE THING SEEM RIDICULOUS.

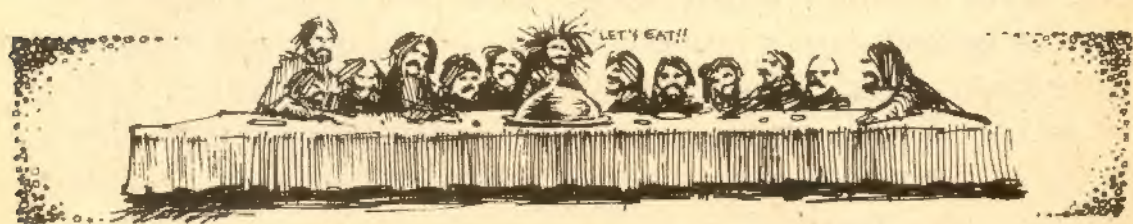
THE CHARLIES LIFTED BIG NIXNERK ON THEIR SHOULDERS AND CARRIED HIM TO THE STEAMING POOL. HE PROTESTED, BUT THEY DUMPED HIM IN AMONG THE SQUEALING NOBILE CHARLIE GIRLS, ALL NAKED AND SLIPPERY IN THEIR BROWN OILED BODIES. A CHEER WENT UP, AND THE GIRLS SPLASHED NIXON AND JUMPED ON TOP OF HIM, RUNNING THEIR HANDS OVER EVERY PART OF HIS HONORED EXECUTIVE BODY, AND KISSING AND LICKING HIM ALL OVER. STRANGELY, HE CEASED TO PROTEST, AND HIS FACE SEEMED TO RELAX A LITTLE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN OVER FORTY YEARS! THEN THE GIRLS BEGAN TO CAREFULLY WASH AND OIL HIS BEAUTIFUL MR. AMERICA MUSCLES, WHILE A BIG SPADE CHICK GAVE HIM AN UNDERWATER BLOWJOB.

NIX WAS (NO KIDDING) LAUGHING AND SMILING AS THEY CARRIED HIM OUT OF THE POOL AND DRIED HIM OFF. JUST LIKE A BOY HE WAS THEN, THE WATERS SEEMED TO HAVE HAD A SALUTARY EFFECT, BRINGING A YOUTHFUL GLEAM TO HIS EYE...

BIG RUSTY STEPPED FORWARD IN HIS FLOWING ORANGE ROBES AND TOOK THE PRESIDENT'S HAND. "CONGRATULATIONS, MY PRESIDENTE, YOU HAVE RECEIVED BAPTISM IN THE WORD OF CHARLIE. NOW IF YOU WILL STEP THIS WAY INTO THE CHAPEL... THE SACRED EATING CEREMONY IS ABOUT TO BEGIN..."

"OH?" SAID NIX, RAISING AN EYEBROW.

THE WORK OF CHARLIE WAS COMPLETE.



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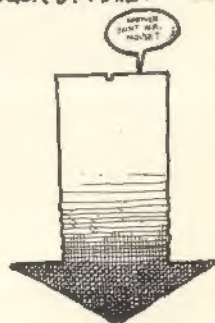
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I TELL 'EM, HEY MAN, DIG IT -- PARANOIA IS LOVE !! THEN I SLIP THEM SOME ACID, PUT ON THE BEATLES WHITE ALBUM, AND MAKE THEM READ THE FIVE BOOKS ON THIS PAGE!



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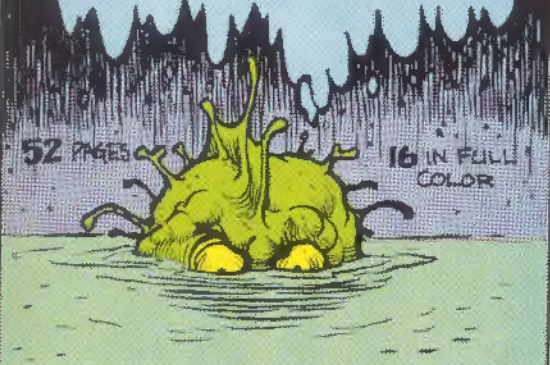
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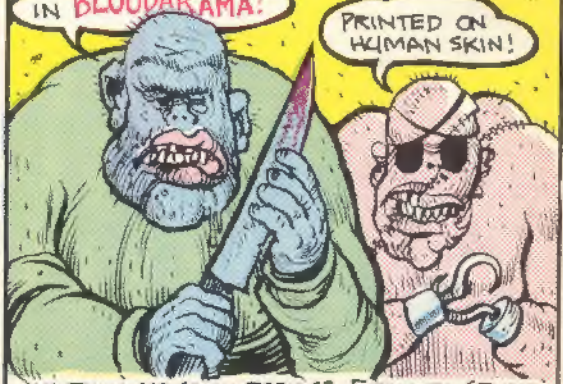
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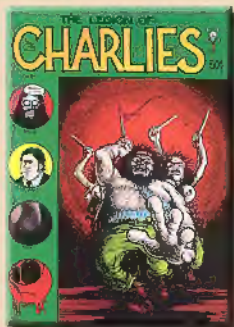
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Tom Veitch - 2, 3-30(s), 35(ad)

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Comments:

The sagas of Charlie Manson and the Charlie Company at My Lai Vietnam intertwine in this protest against "a government that dehumanizes its citizens and makes robot killers out of them". Dedicated to the brave veterans who turned in their medals to Washington D.C. on Memorial Day 1971.

The edition of this comix confuses me. Kennedy's guide lists a 1st edition as "The hair of the two characters on the front cover is black and merged together. There is a "hash-mark" after the words 'so don't bother suing!' at the bottom of page 2." He then lists a 2nd edition as "The hair of the figure on the right of the cover is a gray, clearly separate from the black hair of the other character."

My copy of this comix has merged black hair, but no "hash-mark".